

And him to Pymfret; where, as all you know,
Harmlesse Richard was murdered traitorously.
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.
Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

Salisb. But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor.

Salisb. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendour, had bene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

Yorke. His eldest Sister, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirde fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,
Who married Phillip, sole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from Iohn of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third:
Till Lionels Issue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:
Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can prophetic.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

Yorke. And Nevill, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Eagle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Depryde of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir Iohn Stanley, in the Ile of Man.

Elianor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

Gloster. Elianor, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would folleace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:

And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King; when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margarets Queen,
And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banish'd, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand.

Suff. Thus droues this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprays,
Thus Elianors Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'd.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking
to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a
Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge
fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you
in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe
well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of
Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere
Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and he pledge you all,
and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a-
fraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,
Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this
World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;
and Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom,
take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me. I pray
God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
hath learnt so much fence al ready.

Salisb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salisb. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salisb. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master
well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon
my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe
an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will
take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,
nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a
downe-right blow.

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea-
son.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this
presence? O Peter, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,

And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in
Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore succeeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Loyes abound, as Seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's a Clock? Seru. Tenne; my Lord.

Gloster. To watch

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Gloster. Be

Elianor.

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